Wit and Loyalty (10.) REVIV'D,

In a Collection of ſome ſmart

SATYRS

In Verſe and Proſe on the late *TIMES.*

By { Mr. *Abraham Cowley,*
Sir *J. Berkenhead,*
and the Ingenious Author of *Hudibras, &c.*

Victrix Cauſa Deis *Placuit ſed victa Catoni.*

LONDON Printed, for *W. Davis.* 1682.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

I *Have been often tempted to admire, ſince the Publiſhing Mr.* Cowley's *Papers, by what fate ſo excellent a* Satyr *upon the* Times, *and ſo worthy the Author, as the* Puritan *and* Papiſt, *ſhould eſcape the ingenious* Publiſher, *when at the ſame time his Copy upon* Brutus, *and that upon the* Biſhop *of* Lincoln's *enlargement from the* Tower *have met with the good fortune to have place there, although they are in ſome ſort, Satyrs upon* himſelf *and ſo unworthy his Name, and the good Company they appear in: that conſidering the* Loyalty *of their* Arguments, *we might, it may be have expected them in Mr.* Waller's *Works rather than Mr.* Cowley's; *and from thence to have been purged by the Wiſdom of* later *and more* correct Editions *of his* Book, *together with the* Penegyrick *to* Oliver, *and the* Elegy *on his* Death, *called the* Storm. *Both which ſeem, in a manner, to have inherited the* Lot, *no leſs than the* Guilt *of the Uſurper, upon whom they were made: the former, claiming the* Laurel, *but that it wanted a better* Title *to the crown: and the latter, to have ſo inſenſibly diſappeared on a ſudden as if by a reſembling fate, it had been ſnatcht away in the ſame* Storm *in which the* Tyrant *himſelf was loſt.*

Whether it were an Exceſs *of* Modeſty *in Mr.* Cowly *that condemned it as an* Abortive, *and ſo, though it had appeared formerly in* Print *to have no place in his Collection, but to take its fortune with the* Bloſſoms *and unripe follies of his Youth: Or whether it were an* Exceſs of good Nature *in him that ſentenced it to ſuffer, merely as it was a Satyr and ſo lookt upon as a piece of perſecution, and like*

942.06
W771

like Draco's *Laws, written in Blood, as we find the best Natures inclined to check and be angry at themselves when once the fit of Choler is over; I say whether of these were the cause of suppressing it I shall not now presume to examine.*

But because under the Color of doing Justice *to the* Satyre, *I may be thought to have done* Wrong *to Mr.* Cowly, *and only to have borrowed his Name, to enhance the value of what comes with it, its own recommendation. To remove such doubts, I shall observe in its Justification, that it first came out in the* Year 1643. *what time he lay at St.* Johns *Colledge in* Oxford. *Signed with* A. C. *though to make the* Cypher *plainer yet, I doubt not when the* Satyr *is duely considered, to those that can judge aright, it will spell his entire name at length. For as the* Proportions, *the* Posture *or* Design *serve as never failing* Marks *to such as are curious to discern the masterly Hand of the inimitable* Titian, *or* Vandike. *So in the admired* Pieces *of our great* Masters *of* Writing, *there want not the like* bold strokes *and life-touches in the* Style *that evidently betray whose* Originals *they are. In so much as to convince any who are their* Authors, *when they discover themselves by their* own Light, *is altogether as needless as to hold a* Candle *to the Sunne. If we believe* Horace *in his* Art *of* Poetry (*surely in his own Art Horace is as much to be believed, as* Aristotle *in* Philosophy) *he reckons it amongst the* Felicities *of a good* Style, *that it cannot be imitated when he says:*

Ex noto fictum Carmen sequar, ut sibi quivis.
Sperat idem, sudat multum, frustraque laboret.
Ausus idem ——

Which is finely render'd by the E. of Roscomon.

Begin with Truth, then give invention scope,
And if your Style be Natural and smooth,
All men will try, and hope to Write as well;
And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.

Non

827399

Now if this be justly esteemed a Master-Piece *of* Poetry, *that what it delivers comes the neareſt to our underſtandinge, at the ſame time as it is removed the fartheſt from our imitation, I am very well aſſured, I ſhall be acquitted from all ſuſpition of cheating the world with any thing under Mr.* Cowley's *Name wh.ch hath no Title to it, ſince his* Style *is no leſs* difficult *to* Counterfeit, *than it is* eaſie *to conceive.*

I cannot think it any reproach to Mr. Cowly *for him to walk abroad into the world in good company; the other two* Gentlemen *being, both of them celebrated Wits, and of the Loyal party engag'd, in the ſame intereſt, and active in the ſame* Cauſe *with himſelf. And it is no new thing for* Wits *and* Cavaliers, *to find out one another and aſſociat together Indeed they were men whoſe* Mirth *was ſo innocent, whoſe* Wit *ſo regular, and whoſe* Converſation *ſo entertaining and agreeable as I cannot but perſuade my ſelf, that they themſelves would have made choice of no other* Company *when they were* Living, *as the Reader can embrace no better, amongſt the* Dead.

The *Puritan* and the *Papiſt*, a *Satyr* firſt publiſhed in the year 1643. by Mr. *Cowley.*

The Character of the *Aſſembly-man*, firſt printed in the year 1648. by Sir *J. Berkenhead.*

Propoſals for farming out *Liberty of Conſcience*, firſt publiſhed in the year 1663. by the ingenious Author of *Hudibras.*

THE

THE PURITAN AND THE PAPIST.

A SATYR.

By Mr. *Abraham Cowley.*

LONDON Printed for *W. Davis*, 168½.

THE PURITAN

OR THE PIST

A SATYR.

THE PURITAN AND THE PAPIST.

A SATYR.

SO two rude *Waves*, by Storms together thrown,
Roar at each other, Fight, and then grow *One*.
Religion is a *Circle*; men contend,
And Run the Round in diſpute without end.
Now in a *Circle* who go contrary,
Muſt, at the laſt, *meet* of neceſſity.
The *Roman Cath'liqus* to advance the *Cauſe*
Allows a *Lye*, and calls it *Pia Fraus*.
The *Puritan* approves and does the ſame,
Diſlikes nought in it but the *Latin name*.
He flows with his deviſes, and dares *Lye*
In very *deed*, in *truth*, and *verity*.
He whines, and ſighs out *Lies*, with ſo much truth,
As if he griev'd, 'cauſe he could ne'er ſpeak truth.
Lies have poſſeſt the *Preſs* ſo, as their due,
'Twill ſcarce I fear, henceforth Print *Bibles* true.
Lies for their next Strong Fort ha'th' *Pulpit* choſe,
There they throng out at 'th Preachers *Mouth*, and *Noſe*.
And how ee'r groſs, are certain to beguile
The poor *Book-turners* of the *middle Iſle*.
Nay to th' *Almightie's* ſelf they have been bold
To *lye*, and their blaſphemous *Miniſter* told,
They might ſay falſe to *God*; for if they were
Beaten, he knew't not, for he was not there.

Paralleld in Holy Cheats.

But *God*, who their great *thankfulneſs* did ſee,
Rewards them ſtraight with another *Victorie*,
In Publiſhing *Falſe News* as *Legends*.
Juſt ſuch an one as *Brainford*; and ſan's doubt
Will *weary* er't be long their *gratitude* out.
Not all the *Legends* of the *Saints* of old,
Not vaſt *Baronius*, nor ſly *Surius*, hold
Such plenty of apparent *Lies*, as are
In your own *Author*, *Jo. Browne Cleric. Par.*
Beſides what your ſmall *Poets*, ſaid or writ,
In *Mental Reſervations*.
Br. okes, *Strode*, and the *Baron* of the *Saw-pit*:
With many a *Mental Reſervation*.
You'll maintain *Liberty*, *Reſerv'd* [your owne.]
For th'publique good the ſums rais'd you'll diſburſe;
Reſerv'd, [The greater part for your own Purſe.]
You'll root the *Cavaliers* out, every man;
Faith, let it be *reſerv'd* here; [*If* ye *can.*]
You'l make our gracious CHARLES, a *Glorious King*;
Reſerv'd [in *Heav'n*,] for thither ye would bring
His Royal Head, the only ſecure *Roome*
For *Kings*, where ſuch as you, will never come.
To keep th'Eſtates o'th'Subjects you pretend;
Reſerv'd [in your own *Trunkes*] You will defend
The *Church* of *England*, 'tis your *Proteſtation*;
But that's *New-England*, by a ſmall *Reſervation*.
In allowing *Perjuries*.
Pow'r of *Diſpenſing Oaths* the *Papiſts* claime;
Caſe hath got leave *of God* to do the ſame.
For you do hate all *Swearing* ſo, that when
You've Sworn an *Oath*, ye *break* it ſtreight agen.
A Curſe upon you! which hurts moſt theſe Nations,
Cavaliers Swearing, or your *Proteſtations*?
Nay, though *Oaths* be by you ſo much abhorr'd,
Y'allow *God damn me* in the *Puritan Lord*.
They keep the *Bible* from *Lay-men*, but ye
Avoid this, for ye have no *Layety*.
In an *unintelligible Worſhip*.
They, in a *forraign* and, *unknown Tongue* pray,
You in an *unknown Sence* your prayers ſay:
So that this difference 'twixt ye does enſue,
Fools underſtand not *them*, not *Wiſe men you*.
They an unprofitable zeal have got,
Of *Invocating Saints* that *hear them not*.
'Twere well you did ſo, nought may more be fear'd
In your fond Prayers, than that they *ſhould be heard*.

To

To them your *Non-ſence* well enough might paſs,
They'd ne'er ſee that i'th' *Divine Looking-Glaſs.*
Nay, whether you'd worſhip *Saints* is not known,
For y'have as yet of your *Religion* none.
They by *good-works* think to be juſtifi'd,
You into the ſame Error deeper ſlide;
You think by *Works* too *juſtifi'd* to be,
And thoſe *ill Works*, *Lies*, *Treaſon*, *Perjurie*.
But oh! your Faith is mighty, that hath been,
As true Faith ought to be, of things *unſeen.*
At *Worſter*, *Brainford* and *Edg-hill*, we ſee,
Only by Faith y'have got the *Victory.*
Such is your Faith, and ſome ſuch unſeen way
The *publique Faith* at laſt your *debts* will pay.
They hold *free-will* (that nought thier Souls may bind)
As the great Priviledge of all *Mankind.*
You're here more *mod'rate*, for 'tis your intent,
To make't a Priv'ledg, but of *Parliament.*
They forbid *Prieſts* to marry, you worſe do,
Their marriage you allow, yet puniſh too:
For you'd make *Prieſts* ſo poor, that upon all
Who *marry*, ſcorn and *beggery* muſt fall.
They a bold pow'r o'er ſacred *Scriptures* take,
Blot out ſome Clauſes, and ſome new ones make.
Your great *Lord Jeſuite Brookes* publiquely ſaid,
(*Brookes* whom too *little learning* hath made *Mad*)
That to correct the *Creed* ye ſhould do well,
And blot out *Chriſts deſcending into Hell.*
Repent wild man, or you'll ne'er change, I fear,
The *ſentence* of your *own deſcending there:*
Yet modeſtly they uſe the *Creed*, for they
Would take the *Lord's Pray'r Root and Branch* away.
And wiſely ſaid a *Levite* of our nation,
The *Lord's Pray'r* was a *Popiſh Innovation.*
Take heed, you'll grant ere long it ſhould be ſaid,
An't be but to deſire your *Daily Bread.*
They keep the *people*, *ignorant*, and you.
Keep both the *people*, and your ſelves ſo too,
They *blind obedienee* and *blind duty* teach;
You *blind Rebellion* and *blind faction* preach.
Nor can I blame you much, that ye advance
That which can onely ſave ye, *Ignorance*;

Both hold *Juſtification* by *Works*, the one by *Good* the other by *Ill Works.*

Free-will one holds belongs to *all men*, the other only to *Parliament men.*

They agree in interlining *Scriptures* and *Creeds.*

In *Implicit Faith.*

Though

Though Heaven be praiſed, t'has oft been proved well
Your *Ignorance* is not *Invincible*.
Nay ſuch bold lies to *God* himſelf ye vaunt,
As if you'd fain keep him too, *Ignorant*.

One believes *Purgatory* hereafter, & the other, erects a *Purgatory* here.

Limbus and *Purgatory* they believe,
For *leſſer Sinners*, that is, I conceive.
Malignants only; you this Trick does pleaſe,
For the ſame Cauſe ye've made new *Limbuſes*,
Where we may lye impriſon'd long ere we
A *Day* of *Judgment* in your Courts ſhall ſee.
But *Pym* can, like the *Pope*, with this diſpence;
And for a *Bribe*, deliver *Souls* from thence.

The *Aſſembly* of *Divines* as *infallible* as a *general Council*.

Their *Councils* claim *Infallibility*,
Such muſt your *Conventicle Synod* be:
And Teachers from all parts of th'Earth ye call,
To make't a *Council*, *Oecumenical*.
They ſev'ral times appoint from *Meats t'abſtain*;
You now for the *Iriſh* Wars, a *Faſt* ordain:
And that that Kingdom might be ſure to *Faſt*,

One faſts *Frydays* & *Eves*, the other all *Sundays*.

Ye take a Courſe to *Starve* them all at laſt.
Nay though ye keep no *Eves*, *Fridays*, nor *Lent*,
Not to dreſs Meat on *Sundays* you're Content;
Then you Repeat, Repeat, and Pray, and Pray;
Your *Teeth* keep *Sabbath*, and *Tongues*, *Working day*.

Both have their *Reliques*

They preſerve *Reliques*; you have few or none,
Unleſs the *Clout* ſent to *John Pym* by one.
Or *Holleſes* Rich *Widdow*, She who carry'd
A *Relique* in her *Wombe*, before ſhe marry'd.

Both claime to ſucceed St. *Peter*.

They in *Succeeding Peter* take a Pride;
So do you; for your *Maſter* ye've *deny'd*.
But chiefly *Peter's Priviledge* ye chooſe,
At your own wills to *Bind* and to *Unlooſe*.
He was a *Fiſherman*; you'll be ſo too,
When nothing but your *Ships* are left to you.
He went to *Rome*, to *Rome* you *Backward Ride*,
(Though both your goings are by ſome denyed.)
Nor is't a Contradiction, if we ſay,
You go to *Rome* the *quite Contrary way*;
He dy'd o'th' *Croſs*; that death's unuſual now;
The *Gallows* is moſt lik't, and that's for you.

The one for *Church Muſick*, the

They love *Church Muſick*, it offends your ſence,
And therefore ye have *ſung* it out from thence,

Which

Which ſhews, if right your mind be underſtood,
You hate it not as *Muſick* but as *Good*.
Your *Madneſs* makes you *Sing* as much as they
Dance, who are bit with a *Tarantula*.
But do not to your ſelves alas appear,
The moſt *Religious Traytors* that eer' were;
Becauſe your Troopes *Singing* of *Pſalmes* do goe;
There's many a Traytor has marcht *Holborn* ſo.
Nor was't your wit this holy project bore;
Tweed and the *Tyne* has ſeen thoſe. Tricks before.
They of ſtrange *Miracles* and *Wonders tell*,
You are *your ſelves* a kind of *Miracle*;
Even ſuch a *Miracle* as in writ divine
We read o'th' *Devils* hurrying down the *Swine*.
They have made *Images* to ſpeak, 'tis ſaid,
You a dull *Image* have your *Speaker* made;
And that your bounty in *offerings* might abound,
Y'have to that *Idol* giv'n ſix thouſand pound,
They *drive out* Devils they ſay; here ye begin
To differ, I confeſs; you *let them in*.
They maintain *Tranſubſtantiation*;
You by a *Contrary Philoſ'phers ſtone*,
To *Tranſubſtantiate Metalls* have the skill;
And turn the *Kingdoms Gold* to Ir'n and *Steel*.
I'th' *Sacrament* ye differ but 'tis noted,
Bread muſt be *Fleſh*, *Wine Blood*, if e'rt be *voted*.
They make the *Pope* their *Head*, y'exalt for him
Primate and *Metropolitane*, Maſter Pym;
Nay *White*, who ſits i'th' *Infallible Chaire*,
And moſt infallably ſpeaks Nonſence there:
Nay *Cromwel*, *Pury*, *Whiſtler*, Sir *John Wray*,
He who does *ſay*, and *ſay*, and *ſay*, and *ſay*.
Nay *Lowry* who does new *Church-Gover'ment* wiſh,
And *Propheſies*, like *Jonas*, 'midſt the *Fiſh*,
Who can ſuch *various buſineſs* wiſely ſway,
Handling both *Herrings* and *Biſhops* in one day.
Nay all your Preachers Women, Boys, and Men,
From *Maſter Calamy* to *Miſtreſs Ven*,
Are perfect *Popes* in their own *Pariſh* grown;
For to outdoe the ſtory of *Pope Joan*:
Your Women *Preach* too, and are like to be
The *Whores* of *Babylon*, as much as *She*.

other for *Singing* without *Muſick*

Both boaſt their *Miracles*.

Each hath a ſeveral *Tranſubſtantiation*.

Both *Infallible* in *Cathedra*.

They

Both for *deposing Kings*; the one by *fair means*, the other by *Foul.*

They *depose Kings* by *Force*; by *Force* you'd do it,
But first use *fair means* to persuade them to it.
They dare *kill Kings*; and 'twixt ye here's the strife,
That you dare shoot at *Kings*, to save their *Life*.
And what's the diff'rence, 'pray, whether he fall
By the *Popes Bull*, or your *Oxe General*?
Three Kingdoms thus ye strive to make your own;
And like the *Pope* usurp a *Triple Crown*.

Their Avarice

Such is your *Faith*, such your *Religion*;
Let's view your *Manners* now, and then I've done.
Your *Cov'teousness* let gasping *Ireland* tell,
Where first the *Irish Lands*, and next ye *sell*
The *English Blood*; and raise *Rebellion* here,
With that which should suppress, and quench it there.
What mighty summs have ye squeez'd out o'th' *City*?
Enough to make 'em *Poor*, and *something Witty*.
Excise, *Loans*, *Contributions*, *Pole-moneys*,
Bribes, *Plunder*, and such *Parl'ament Priv'ledges*,
Are words which you ne'er learnt in Holy Writ,
'Till th' *Spirit* and your *Synod* mended it.
Where's all the *Twentieth part* now which hath been
Paid you by some, to forfeit the *Nineteen*?
Where's all the Goods *distrain'd*, and *Plunders* past?
For you're grown wretched, *pilfring* knaves at last;
Descend to *Brass* and *Pewter*; till of late,
Like *Midas*, all ye *toucht*, must needs be *Plate*.

Their *Ambition*

By what vast hopes is your *Ambition* fed?
'Tis writ in *Blood* and may be plainly read.
You must have *Places* and the Kingdom sway;
The *King* must be a Ward to your *Lord Say*.
Your Inn'cent *Speaker* to the *Rolles* must rise,

Lord Privy Seal.

Six thousand Pound hath made him *proud* and *wise*.
Kimbolton for his *Fathers place* doth call;
Would be like him; would he were, *Face* and all.

Pennington

Isaack would always be *Lord Mayer* and so,
May always be, as much as he is now.
For the *Five Members*, they so richly thrive,
That they would always be, but *Members Five*.
Only, *Pym* doth his Natural right enforce,
By th' Mothers side he's *Master* of the *Horse*.
Most shall have *Places* by these pop'lar tricks,
The rest must be content with *Bishopricks*.

For

For 'tis against *Superstition* your intent,
First to root out that *great* Church Ornament;
Money and Lands; your Swords alas are drawn,
Against the *Bishop*, not his *Cap*, or *Lawn*.
O let not such lewd *Sacrilege begin*,
Tempted by *Henrie's* rich successful Sin.
Henry the monster *King* of all that age;
VVild in his *Lust*, but wilder in his Rage.
Expect not you his Fate, though *Hotham* thrives
In imitating *Henrie's* tricks for *Wives*
Nor fewer Churches hopes than *Wives* to see
Buried, and then their Lands his own to be.

Ye boundless Tyrants, how do you outvy, — Their Tirany.
Th'*Athenians* Thirty, *Romes Decemviry*?
In *Rage*' *Injustice*' *Cruelty* as far
Above those men, as you in Number are.
What *Mist'ries* of *Iniquity* doe we see?
New Prisons made to defend *Libertie*;
Our Goods forc'd from us for propri'ti's sake;
And all the Real Non-sence which ye make.
Ship-money was unjustly ta'en, ye say; — The Counterfiet grivances of the *Kings Reign* compared with the Royal ones of their Usurpation.
Unjustlier far, you take the *Ships* away.
The *High Commission*, you call'd Tyranny,
Ye did; Good God! what is the *High-Committy*?
Ye said that gifts, and bribes preferments bought,
By money and blood too, they now are sought.
To the Kings will the Laws men strove to draw;
The Subjects will, is now become the Law.
'Twas fear'd a New Religion would begin;
All new Religions, now are entred in.
The King *Delinquents* to protect did strive;
What Clubs, Pikes, Halberts, Lighters, sav'd the Five?
You think the *Parl'ment*, like your State of Grace,
What ever sins men do, they keep their Place.
Invasions then were fear'd against the State.
And *Strode* swore last year would be eighty-eight. — *viz.* 1642.
You bring in Forraign Aid to your designs;
First those great Forraign Forces of Divines;
With which Ships from *America* were fraught.
Rather may stinking Tobacco still be brought.
From thence, I say: next ye the *Scots* invite,
Which ye term Brotherly assistance right;
For *England* you intend with them to share:
They who alas! but younger Brothers are,

Muſt have the Moneis for their *Portion*;
The *Houſes* and the *Lands* will be your *Owne*.
We thank ye for the wounds which we endure,
Whilſt ſcratches and ſlight pricks ye ſeek to cure.
We thank ye for true real fears at laſt,
Which free us from ſo many falſe ones paſt.
We thank ye for the Blood which fats our Coaſt,
As a juſt debt paid to great *Strafford's* Ghoaſt.)
We thank ye for the ills Receiv'd, and all
Which yet by your good care, in time we ſhall:
We thank ye, and our gratitude's as great
As yours, when you thankt' God for being beat.

The Character of an *HOLY-SISTER*

She that can ſit three *Sermons* in a day,
And of thoſe three, ſcarce bear three *Words* away.
She that can Rob her Husband, to repair
A Budget *Prieſt* that *Noſes* a long Prayer.
She that with *Lamb-black*, purifies her *ſhooes*,
And with half Eyes and Bible, ſoftly goes;
She that her Pockets with *Lay-Goſpel* ſtuffs,
And edifies her looks with little *Ruffs*.
She that loves *Sermons* as ſhe does the reſt,
Still ſtanding ſtiff, that longeſt are the beſt.
She that will *Ly*, yet ſwear, ſhe hates a Lyer,
Except it be the man, that will Lye by *her*.
She that at Chriſtenings, thirſteth for more *Sack*,
And draws the broadeſt handkerchief for *Cake*.
She that ſings Pſalms devoutly next the ſtreet,
And beats her maid, ith' kitching where none ſee't.
She that will ſit in ſhop for five hours ſpace,
And regiſter the ſins of all that paſs.
Damn at firſt ſight, and proudly dares to ſay,
That none can poſſibly be ſav'd, but they.
That hangs *Religion* in a naked Ear,
And judge mens hearts, according to their Hair.
That could afford to doubt, who wrote beſt ſence,
Moſes or *Dod* on the *Commandements*.
She that can ſigh and cry, Queen *Elizabeth*,
Rail at the *Pope*, and ſcratch out ſudden death.
And for all this can give no reaſon why,
This is an holy ſiſter verily.

THE

Assembly-man;

(10.)

Written by Sir John Birkenhead; *in the Year* 1647.

ΘΕΟΦΡΑΣΤ. Χαρακτ. ιγ'.
περὶ ΠΕΡΙΕΡΓΙΑΣ.

Διεγείρειν τοὺς μαχομένους, καὶ ἧς οὐ γινώσκει ἀτραποῦ ἡγήσασθαι καὶ ὀμνύναι μέλλων, εἰπεῖν πρὸς τοὺς περιεστηκότας ὅτι τὸν πρότερον πολλάκις ὀμώμοκα. i. e.

He seditiously stirs up men to fight: he'll teach others the way whereof himself is most ignorant; and persuades men to take an Oath, because himself had sworn it before.

LONDON,

Printed for *W. Davis*, *Anno Dom.* 168½.

READER,

THis Pamphlet was torn from me by those who say they cannot rob, because all is theirs. They found it where it slept many years forgotten; but they 'waken'd it, and made false Transcripts. They Exciz'd *what they liked not; so mangled and* Reform'd, *that 'twas no Character of an* Assembler, *but of themselves. A Copy of that* Reformling *had crept to the Press. I seiz'd and stopt it, unwilling to Father other mens sins. Here therefore you have it (as 'twas first scribled) without addition of a syllable; I wish I durst say here's nothing lopt off. But men and manners are chang'd, at least they say so. If yet this trifle seem born with teeth, you know whose hands were knuckle-deep in the blood of that renouned Chancellor of* Oxon *(Arch-bishop* LAUD *) though when they cut up that great Martyr, his two greatest Crimes were the two greatest Glories* Great Britain *can boast of,* St. Paul's Church *and the* Oxford Library. *Where you find no coherence, remember this Paper hath suffer'd* Decimation: *Better times have made it worse, and that's no fault of.*

J. Berkenhead.

THE

THE Assembly-man.

AN *Assembler* is part of the *States'* Chattels: nor *Priest*, nor *Burgess*, but a *Participle* that shark's upon both. He was chosen, as Sir *Nathaniel*, because he knew least of all his Profession: not by the Votes of a Whole Diocese, but by one whole Parliament-man. He ha's sate four years *towards* a new Religion, but in the interim left none at all: as his Masters, the *Commons* had along Debate *whether Canáles or no Candles*, but all the mean while sate still in the Dark: And therefore when the Moon quits her old Light, and has acquir'd no new, Astronomeres say she is in her *Synodes*. Shew me such a Picture of *Judas* as the *Assembler*, (a griping, false, Reforming Brother; rail's at *Waste* spent upon the *Anointed*; persecutes most those Hands which *Ordain'd* him; brings in *men with swords and staves*; and all for Money from the Honourable *Scribes* and *Pharisees*:) One Touch more (a Line tyed to his Name-sake *Elder-tree*) had made him *Judas*, Root and Branch. This *Assembly* at first was a full Century; which should be reckon'd as the Scholiast's *Hecatomb*, by their Feet, not Heads: or count them by Scores, for in things without Heads Six-score go to an Hundred. They would be a New *Septuagint*; the Old translated Scripture out of *Hebrew* into *Greek*, these turn in to *four shillings a day*. And and these *Assemblers* were begot in one day, as *Hercules's* fifty Bastards all in one night. Their first List was sprinkled with some names of Honour, (Dr. *Sanderson*, Dr. *Morley*, Dr. *Hammond*, *&c.*) But these were *Divines*, too worthy to mix with such *scandalous Ministers*, and would not *Assemble* without the *Royal Call*. Nay, the first List had one Archbishop, one Bishop, and an Half, (for Bishop *Brownrige* was then but *Elect*.) But now their *Assembly* (as Philosophers think the World) consists of *Atoms*; petty small Levites, whose *Parts* are not *perceptible*. And yet these inferior postern Teachers have intoxicated *England* (for a man sometimes grow's drunk by a Glister.) When they all meet, they shew Beasts in *Africk* by promiscuous coupling engender Monsters. Mr *Selden* visit's them (as *Persians* use) to see *wild Asses* fight: when the *Commons* have tyr'd him with their new Law, these Bretheren refresh him with their mad Gospel: They lately were gravell'd 'twixt *Jerusalem* and *Jerico*; they knew not the distance 'twixt those two places; one cry'd twenty miles, another ten, 'twas concluded seven, for this reason, that *Fishwas brought from* Jericho *to* Jerusalem market

market: Mr *Selden* ſmil'd and ſaid *perhaps the Fiſh, was ſalt Fiſh* and ſo ſtopp'd their mouths. Earl *Philip* goes thither to hear them *ſpend*; when he heard them toſs their *National*, *Provincial*, *Claſſical*, *Congregational*; he ſwore *dammably*, that a pack of good Dogs made better Muſick: His Alluſion was porper, ſince the *Elder's Maid* had a four-legg'd *Husband*. To ſpeak truth, this *Aſſembly* is the *two Houſes* Tiring-room where the *Lords* and the *Commons* put on their Viſards and Maſques of Religion. And their *Honors* have ſo *ſifted* the Church, that at laſt they have found the *Bran* of the Clergy. Yet ſuch poor Church-menders muſt Reform and ſhuffle: though they find Church Government may a thouſand wayes be chang'd for the worſe, but not one way for the better. Theſe have lately publiſh'd *Annotations* on the Bible, where their firſt Note (on the word *CREATE*) is a Libel againſt Kings for creating of Honors. Their *Annotation* on *Jacob's* two Kids, is, that *two Kids are too much for one man's ſupper*: but *he had* (ſay they) *but one Kid and the other made Sauce*. They obſerve upon *Herod*, what a Tyrant he was, to kill Infants under two years old, *without* giving *them legal Trial*, that they might ſpeake for themſelves. Commonly they follow the *Geneva* Margin, as thoſe Sea-men who underſtood not the *Compaſs* crept a long the Shore. But *I* hear they threaten a *ſecond Edition*, and in the interim thruſt forth a paultry *Catechiſm*, which expounds Nine *Commandements*, and Eleven Articles of the *Creed*. Of late they are much in love with *Chronograms*, becauſe (if poſſible) they are duller than *Anagrams*; O how they have torn the poor Biſhops names to pick out the number 666! little dreaming that a whole Bakers dozen of their own Aſſembly have that beaſtly number in each of their Names, and that as exactly as their *Solemn League* and *Covenant* conſiſt's of 666 words. But though the *Aſſembler's Brains* are Lead, his Countenance is Braſs; for he damned ſuch as held two benefices, while himſelf has four or five, beſides his Concubine *Lecture*. He is not againſt *Pluralities*, but *Dualities*; He ſays it is unlawful to have two of his own, though four of other mens; and obſerves how the Hebrew word for *Life* has no ſingular number. Yet it is ſome relief to a ſequeſtred perſon to ſee two *Aſſemblers* ſnarl for his Tithes; for of all kind of Beaſts none can match an *Aſſembler* but an *Aſſembler*. He never enters a Church by the Door, but clambers up through a Window of *Sequeſtration*, or ſteals in through Vaults and Cellars by Clandeſtine Contracts with an Expecting Patron. He is moſt ſure no Law can hurt him, for Laws dyed in *England* the year before the *Aſſembler* was born. The beſt way to hold him, is (as our *King Richard* bound the King of *Cyprus*) in *ſilver chains*. He loves to diſcourſe of the *New Jeruſalem*, becauſe her ſtreets are of fine *Gold*, and yet could like *London* as well, were *Cheapſide* paved with the *Philoſopher's ſtone*. Nay, he would ſay his Prayers with *Beads*, if he might have a Set made of all Diamonds: This, this is it which tempts him to ſuch mad Articles againſt the *Loyal Clergy*, whom

whom he dresses as he would have them appear; just as the Ballad of *Dr. Faustus* brings forth the Devil in a *Friars weed*. He accused one Minister, for saying *the blessed Virgin was the Mother of God*, (Θεοτόκος, as the Ancients call her.) Another he charged for a common Drunkard, whom all the Country knows has drunk nothing but Water these 26 years. But the *Assembler* himself can drink Widows Tears though their husbands are not dead. Sure, if *Paracelsus's* Doctrine were true, (that *to eat creatures alive will perpetuate man's life*) the *Assembler* were immortal, for he swallows quick Men, Wives, and Children, and devours *Lives* as well as *Livings*, as if he were born in that Pagan Province where *None might marry till he had Killed twelve Christians*. This makes him kneel to Lieutenant General *Cromwel* (as *Indians* to the Devil;) for he saw how *Oliver* first threw ---, then--- and can with a wink do as much for---: Like *Milo* in the *Olympicks*, by practising on a *Calf* grew strong enough for a *Bull*, and could with ease give a lift to an *Asse*. The great Turk was sending his Ambassador, to congratulate the *Assemblies* Proceedings against the *Christians*; He Ordered them Thanks for Licencing his *Alcoran* to be printed in *English*; but hearing *Ottoman Cromwel* had talked of *marching to the Walls of Constantinople*, that Embassy was stopt. The only difference 'twixt the *Assembler* and a *Turk*, is, that one plants Religion by the *power of the Sword*, and the other by the power of the *Cymeter*. Nay, the greatest strife in their whole Conventicle, is who shall do worst; for they all intend to make the Church but a *Sepulchre*, having not only *Plunder'd* but *Anatomiz'd* all the true Clergy; whose torment is hight'ned in being destroyed by such dull instruments, as the Prophet *Isaiah* was sawn to pieces with a *wooden Saw*. The *Assembler* wonders that the King and his Friends live still in hope; he thinks them all in St. *Clement's* case, drown'd with an Anchor tyed about his neck. He has now got power to visit the Universities, where these blinking *Visitors* look on eminent Scholars (as the Blind-man who saw *men* like *Trees*) as Timber growing within the Root-and-Branch *Ordinance*. The *Assembler* has now left Scholars so poor, they have scarce Rags wherewith to make Paper. A man would think the *Two houses* intend to transport the *Universities*, since they load *Asses* with Colledge-Revenues. For though these *Assemblers* made themselves *Heads*, they are rather *Hands* of Colledges, for they all are takers, and take all. And yet they are such creeping Tyrants, that Scholars are Expell'd the two *Universities*, as the old *Thracians*, forc'd from their Countrey by Rats and Mice. So that Learning now is so much advanced, as *Arrowsmith's* Glass-eye sees more then his natural: They never admit a good scholar to a Benefice, for the *Assemblies* Balance is the *Lake* of *Sodom*, where Iron swims and Feathers sink. Their Divinity-Disputations are with Women or Lay-men; and 'tis only on one Question (*Episcopacy*) where the *Assembler* talks all that he and his friends can say,

(thoug

(though his best *medium* to prove *Presbyters* more antient than *Bishops*, is, that *Scribes*, *Pharisees*, *Priests* and *Elders* where before the *Apostels*;) Yet if a Scholar or good Argument come, he flies them as much as if they were his Text. This made him curse Dr. *Steward*, Dr. *Lamy* and Dr. *Hammond*, and had he not had more Brass in his Face than in his Kitchin, he had hang'd himself at *Uxbridge*, and ended with that *Treaty*. For he has naught of *Logick*, but her *clutch'd fist*, and rails at *Philosophy* as Beggars do at Gentlemen. He has very bad luck when he deals in *Philologie*, as one of them (and that no mean man) who in his preface to the Reader, sayes, that St. *Paul had read Eustathius upon Homer*, though the *Apostle* dyed a thousand years before *Eustathius* was born. The *Assembers* Dyet is strangely different, for he dines wretchedly on dry Bread at *Westminster*, four *Assemblers* for 13 pence: But this sharpens and *Whets him* for supper, where he feeds gratis with his City-Landlord, to whom he brings a huge Stomach and News; for which Cramm'd Capons cram him. *He* screws into Families where is some rich Daughter or *Heir*; but whoever takes him into their bosom, will dye like *Cleopatra*. When it rains he is *Coach'd* (a *Classis* of them together) rouling his Eyes to mark who beholds him. *His* shortest things are his hair and his *Cloack*. *His* hair is cut to the figure of 3; two high *Cliffs* run up his Temples, whose *Cap* of shorn hair shoots down his Forehead, with *Creeks* indented, where his Ears ride at Anchor. *Had* this false *Prophet* been carryed with *Habbakuk*, the *Angel* had caught fast hold of his *Ears*, and led him as he leads his Auditory. *His* Eyes are part of his *Tithe* at *Easter*, which he boyles at each Sermon. *He* has two Mouths, his Nose is one, for he speaks through both. *His* hands are not in his Gloves, but his Gloves in his *Hands*, for 'twixt sweatings that is, Sermons, he handles little else, except his dear Mammon. *His* Gown (I mean his *Cloak*) reaches but his pockets; when he rides in that mantle, with a *Hood* on his shoulders and a hat above both, is he not then his own *Man of sin* with the *Triple Crown*? you would swear some honest *Carpenter* dres'd him, and made him the *Tunnel* of a *Country Chimney*. *His* Doublet and *Hose* are of dark *Blew*, a grain deeper than pure *Coventry*: but of late he's in *Black*, since the *Loyal Clergy* were persecuted into *Colors*. *His* two lo gest things are his *Nayls* and his *Prayer*. *But* the cleanest thing about him is his *Pulpit-Cushion*, for he still beats the Dust out of it. *To* do him right. commonly he wears a pair of good Lungs, whereby he turns the *Church* into a *Belfry*, for his *Clapper* makes such a Din, you cannot hear the *Cymball* for the *Tinkling*. If his pulpit be large he walks his Round, and speaks as from a Garrison, (his own Neck is Palizado'd with a Ruff) When he first enters his prayer before Sermon, he winks and gasps, and gasps and winks, as if he prepared to preach in another world, *He* seems in a slumber, then in a Dream; then rumbles a while; at last sounds forth, and then throws

so

ſo much Dirt and Non-ſence towards *Heaven*, as he durſt not offer to a Member of Parliament. Now becauſe Scripture bids him *not curſe the King in his thought*, he does it in his Pulpit by word of mouth; though heaven ſtrike him Dumb in the very Act, as it did *Hill* at *Cambridge*, who while he pray'd, *Depoſe Him, O Lord, who would depoſe us*, was made the *dumb Devil*. This (one would think) ſhould *gargle* his foul mouth. For his only hope why God ſhould hear him againſt the King, is the Devil himſelf (that great *Aſſembler*) was heard againſt *Job*. His whole prayer is ſuch an irrational Bleating, that (without a Metaphor) 'tis the *Calves of his Lipps*: And commonly 'tis larded with fine new words, as *Savingable*, *Muchly*, *Chriſt-Jeſuſnes*, &c. and yet he has the face to preach againſt *Prayer in an unknown Tongue*. Sometimes he is founder'd, and then there is ſuch hideous Coughing: But that is very ſeldom, for he can glibly run over Non-ſence, as an empty Cart trundles down a *Hill*. When the King girt round the Earl of *Eſſex* at *Leſtythiell*, an *Aſſembler* complained that *God had drawn his People into the Wilderneſs*, and told *Him*, *He was bound in honour to feed them; for*, *Lord*, ſaid he, *ſince thou giveſt them no Meat, we pray thee, O Lord, to give them no Stomachs*. *He* tore the *Liturgie*, becauſe, forſooth, it ſhackled his Spirit, (he would be a Devil without a *circle*;) and now if he ſee the Book of *Common-prayer*, the fire ſees it next, as ſure as the *Biſhops* were burned who compiled it. Yet he has mercy on *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, becauſe their *Meeters* are ſung without Authority (no Statute, Canon, or Injunction at all,) only like himſelf, firſt crept into private houſes, and then into Churches. Mr. *Rous* moved thoſe *Meeters* might be ſequeſtred, and his own new Rithmes to enjoy the ſequeſtration; but was refuſed becauſe *John Hopkins* was as ancient as *John Calvin*; Beſides, when *Rous* ſtood forth for his Trial, *Robin Wiſdom* was found the better Poet. 'Tis true, they have a *Directory*, but 'tis good for nothing but *Adoniram*, who ſold the *Original* for 400 l. And the Book muſt ſerve both *England* and *Scotland* as the *Directory Needle* point's North and South. The *Aſſembler's* only ingenuity is, that he prays for an *ex tempore* Spirit, ſince his Conſcience tells him he has no Learning. His prayer thus ended, he then looks round, to obſerve the Sex of his Congregation, and accordingly turns the Apoſtle's Men, Fathers, and Brethren, into Dear Brethren and Siſters. For, his uſual Auditory is moſt-part Female, and as many Siſters flock to him, as at *Paris* on Saint *Margarets* day, when all come to Church that are, or hope to be with child that year. He divides his Text as he did the Kingdom, makes one part fight againſt another: or as *Burges* divides the Dean of *Paul's* Houſe, not into parts, but Tenements, that is, ſo as 'twill yield moſt money. And properly they are Tenements, for each part muſt be dwelt upon, though himſelf comes near it but once a Quarter; and ſo his Text is rather let out than *Divided*. Yet ſometimes (to ſhew his skill in *Keckerman*,) he *Butchers* a

Text, cuts it (juſt as the *Levite* did his *Concubine*) into many dead parts, breaking the ſence and words all to pieces, and then they are not divided, but ſhattered like the Splinters of *Don Quixot*'s Lance. If his Text be to the occaſion, his firſt Diſh is *Apples of Gold, in Pictures of Silver*; yet tells not the People what Pictures thoſe were. His Sermon and prayer grin at each other, the one is *Presbyterian*, the other Independent, for he preaches up the *Claſſes*, yet prays for the Army. Let his Doctrine and Reaſon be what they will, his *Uſe is ſtill to ſave his Benefice and augment his Lecture*. He talks much of *Truth*, but abhorrs *Peace*, leſt it ſtrip him as *naked* as *Truth*; and therefore hates a perſonal Treaty, unleſs with a Siſter. *He* has a rare ſimpering way of expreſſions he calls a Married Couple *Saints that enjoy the miſtery*; & a man Drunk, is *a Brother full of the Creature*. Yet at Wedding Sermons he is very familiar, & (like that Picture in the Church at *Leyden*) ſhews *Adam* & *Eve* without *Figleaves*. At Funerals he gives infallible Signs that the Party is gone to *Heaven*; but his chief Mark of a *child of God*, is *to be good to God's Miniſters*. And hence it is he calls his Preachment *Manna*, fitted not to his hearers *Neceſſity*, but their *Palat*; for 'tis to feed himſelf, not them. If he chance to tire, he refreſhes himſelf with the Peoples *Hum*, as a Collar of Bells to chear up a Pack-horſe. 'Tis no wonder he'll preach, but that any will hear him, (and his conſtant Auditors do but ſhew the length of their Ears;) For he is ſuch an Ἀβελτεροκόκκυξ, that to hear him makes good Scholars ſick, but to read him is death. Yet though you heard him three hours he'll ask a fourth, as the *Beggar* at *Delph* craves your Charity *becauſe he eats four pound of Bread at a Meal*. 'Twas from his Larum the *Watch-makers* learn'd their *infinite* Skrew. His Glaſs and Text are equaly handled, that is, once an hour: nay ſometimes he ſally's and never returns, and then we ſhould leave him to the Company of *Lorimers*, for he muſt be held with Bit and Bridle. Who ever once has been at his Church can never doubt the Hiſtory of *Balaam*. If he have got any new Tale or Expreſſion, 'tis eaſier to make ſtones ſpeak than him to hold his peace. He hates a Church where there is an *Eccho*, for it Robs him of his dear *Repetition*, and confounds the Auditory as well as he. But of all Mortals I admire the *Short-hand-men*, who have the patience to write from his Mouth: had they the art to ſhorten it into Senſe, they might write his whole Sermon on the back of their Nail. For his Invention conſiſts in finding a way to ſpeak nothing upon any thing; and were he in the *Grand Seignior's* power, he would lodge him with his *Mutes*; for *Nothing* and *Nothing to purpoſe* are all one. *I* wonder in conſcience he can preach againſt *Sleeping* at his *Opium*-Sermons. *He* preaches indeed both in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon; for he rayl's at Popery; when the Land is almoſt loſt in Presbytery; and would cry out *Fire, Fire*, in *Noah's Flood*. Yet all this he ſo acts with his *Hands*, that in this ſence too his Preaching is an *Handicraft*. Nor can we complain that Plays

are

are put down while he can preach; ſave only his *Sermons* have worſe ſence and leſs truth. But he blew down the Stage and preach'd up the *Scaffold*. And very wiſely, leſt men ſhould track him, and find where he pilfers all his beſt *Simile's*, (the only thing wherein he is commendable, St *Paul* himſelf having cull'd Sentences from *Menander's Thais*, though 'twas his worſt, that is, unchaſt Comedy.) Sometimes the *Aſſembler* will venture at the Original, and then (with the tranſlator of *Don Quixot*) he miſtakes *Sobs* and *Sighs* for *Eggs* and *Collops*. But commonly (for want of *Greek* and *Latin*) he learns *Hebrew*, and ſtreight is *illuminated*; that is, mad: his Brain is broke by a Brickbat caſt from the Tower of *Babel*. And yet this empty windy Teacher has *Lectur'd* a War quite round the Kingdom: he has found a *Circulation of blood* for *Deſtruction* (as famous *Harvey* for *Preſervation*) of Mankind. 'Twas eaſie to foreſee a great Mortality, when Ravens were heard in all *Corporations*. For, as Multitude of Froggs preſage a Peſtilence, ſo croaking *Lecturers* foretold an *Aſſembly*. Men come to Church, as the Great *Alexander* went to Sacrifice, led by Crows. You have ſeen a ſmall *Elder-tree* grow in chinks and clefts of Church-walls, it ſeems rather a *Weed* than a *Tree*; which, lend it growth, makes a Rent in the Wall, and throws down the Church. Is not this the *Aſſembler*? grown from Schiſms (which himſelf begot,) and if permitted, will make the Church but a *Floor* or *Church-yard*. Yet, for all this, he will be call'd *Chriſt's Miniſter* and Saint, as the Rebells againſt King *John* were the *Army of God*. Sure when they meet they cannot but ſmile; for the dulleſt amongſt them needs muſt know that they all cheat the people; ſuch groſs, low impoſtors, that we die the death of the Emperor *Claudius*, poyſon'd by *Muſhromes*. The old Heretick ſhad Skill & Learning (ſome excuſe for a Seduced Church; thoſe were *Scholars*, but theſe *Aſſemblers*; whoſe very Brains (as *Manicheus's* skin) are ſtuff'd with *Chaff*. For they ſtudy little, & preach much, ever ſick of a *Diabetes*: nor do they *read*, but *weed* Authors, picking up cheap & refuſe Notes, that with *Caligula* they gather Cockle-ſhells, & with *Domitian* retire into their Studie to catch Flies. At *Faſts* & *Thankſgivings* the *Aſſembler* is the *State's* Trumpet; for then he doth not *preach*, but is *blown*; proclaims News very loud, the Trumpet and his Forehead being both of one Metall. (And yet, good man, he ſtill prays for *Boldneſs*.) He hackneys out his Voice like a Cryer; and is a kind of *Spiritual Agitant*, receives Orders, and ſpreads them. In earneſt the *States* can't want this Tool, for without him the *Saints* would ſcarce *Aſſemble*. And if the Zealots chance to fly out, they are charm'd home by this *Sounding Braſs*. There is not on earth a baſer Sycophant; for he ever is chewing ſome *Vote* or *Ordinance*; and tells the People how *ſavoury* it is; like him who lick'd up the Emperor's ſpittle and ſwore 'twas ſweet. Would the *two Houſes* give him *Cathedral Lands*, he would prove *Lords* and *Commons* to be *Jure Divino*: but ſhould they offer him the *Self-denying-*

Ordi-

Ordinance, he would justifie the Devil and curse them to their faces, (his Brother Kirk-man did it in *Scotland*.) 'Tis pleasant to observe how finely they play into each others hands; *Marshall* procures thanks to be given to *Sedgwick* (for his great pains) *Sedgwick* obtains as much for *Marshall*, and so they all pimp for one another. But yet (to their great comfort be it spoken) their whole seven years Sermons at *Westminster* are now to be sold in *Fetter-lane* and *Pye-corner*. Before a Battail the *Assembler* ever speaks to the Souldiers; and the holding up of his hands must be as necessary as *Moses*'s against the *Amalekites*: For he pricks them on, tells them that *God loves none but the valiant*: but when Bullets flye, Himself runs first, and then crys *All the sons of Adam are cowards!* Were there any *Metempsychosis* his Soul would want a Lodging; no single Beast could fit him, being wise as a Sheep and innocent as a Wolf. His sole comfort is, he cannot out-sin *Hugh Peters*: Sure, as Satan hath possessed the *Assembler*, so *Hugh Peters* hath possessed Satan, and is the Devil's Devil. He alone would fill a whole Herd of *Gadarens*. He hath suck'd Blood ever since he lay in the *Butcher's* Sheets: and now (like his *Sultan*) has a Shambles in his Countenance; so crimson and torrid, you may there read how St. *Laurence* dyed, and think *the three Children* were delivered from his face. This is *St. Hugh*, who will *Levell* the *Assembler*, or the *Devil's an Asse*. Yoke these Brethren; and they two couple like a *Sadducee* and a *Pharisee*, or a *Turk* and a *Persian*, both Mahumetans. But the *Assembler's* deepest, highest Abomination, is his *Solemn League and Covenant*; whereby he strives to *damn* or *begger* the whole Kingdom; out-doing the Devil, who onely *persuades*, but the *Assembler forces* to *perjury* or *starving*. And this) whoever lives to observe it) will one day sink both him and his Faction: for he and his *Oath* are so much one, that were he half hang'd and let down again, his first word would be *Covenant! Covenant!*

But I forget, a *Character* should be brief (though *tedious Length* be his best *Character*.) Therefore I'll give ye' (what He denyes the Sequesterd clergy) but a *fifth Part*. For weigh him single, and he has the Pride of three Tyrants, the Impudence of six Gaolers and the Fraud of twelve Brokers. Or take him in the Bunch, and their whole *Assembly* is a *Club* of Hypocrites, where six dozen of Schismatik spends two hours for four shillings apiece.

FINIS

(10.)

A Propoſal humbly offered for the Farming of Liberty of Conſcience.

Written in the year 1663. By the Author of *Hudibraſs.*

SInce nothing can be dearer unto poor Chriſtians than *Liberty*, or the free exerciſe of their *Judgments* and *Conſcience*, which hath kindled that fire in the bowels of the three Kingdoms, which all the precious blood that hath been ſhed, during thoſe late Troubles, hath not been able totally to extinguiſh: And ſince many of *Us*, whoſe Names are affixed, were ſo profitably inſtrumental in thoſe late Combuſtions, as appears all along in our *Sermons* before the Honourable Houſe of Parliament, in the Years 1642, 43, 44, 45, 46. in exciting the good people of this Nation, to ſeek and maintain their *Chriſtian Liberty*, againſt all *Prelatical* and *Antichriſtian Impoſition* whatſoever. And conſidering that the Little Finger of Apoſtaſie from our firſt Love, would be a greater burden upon our *Tender Conſciences*, than the Loyns of Epiſcopacy. We being more bound in Honour than *Conſcience*, cannot totally deſiſt; neither need any man fear, or ſo much as ſuſpect, leſt any Inconvenience or Alteration ſhould happen in Religion, by the great diverſity of Opinions, Tongues, and Languages, tolerated amongſt us, unleſs in the great *Babel* of *Epiſcopacy*, that may poſſibly be pulled down and deſtroyed by this our *notable Confuſion*; for, if the Goſpel was wonderfully ſpread abroad by every mans ſpeaking in his own Language, and the very Enemies thereof aſtoniſhed, and miraculouſly wrought into a belief of it: how it is likely to be now obſtructed in the free exerciſe of our *Spiritual Gifts*, with theſe our *cloven* and *divided* Tongues. And ſince many worthy perſons from whom we might little expect it, but far leſs deſerve it, out of their Goodneſs and Clemency, are pleaſed to encline to ſome *Liberty*, did not ſome perſons, Aliens and Strangers to the *Common-wealth* of *Iſrael*, take up a Reproach againſt us, as Perſons reprobated into an un-

possibility of submission to Principles of *Concord, Peace, and Order*, in Church or State. never being able hitherto to come to any consistency amongst our selves; The Ark of God having, for twenty years together, been exposed to by-ways, Streets, and worse places, for want of an Agreement amongst our own Brethren where to rest it, or how to entertain it. If this be our Case, and could we be sure of so much favour as *Saul* once desired of *Samuel*, that the *Bishops* would but *honour* us before the People, We would in a private Christian way, lay our hands upon our hearts, and acknowledge the hand of God, and the Justice thereof, in turning us out of his Vineyard, as wicked and *unprofitable Servants*, and to suffer the iniquity of our heels to overtake us; crying out with reverend Mr. *Calamy*, *The Ark of God is justly departed from us*; but being not yet thus assured, do hope the people will yet believe these to be only Bears skins lap'd about us by Episcopal hands: And therefore to the end that a *Consistency*, and *Oneness* of Judgment of the whole separating Brethren, and their Moderation, may be known unto all men, and that the World may know, that there is a Spirit of Rule and Government resting in us;

IT is humbly proposed to the Sole Power of granting Licences and Indulgences for Liberty of Conscience, *within the Kingdom of* England, *Dominion of* Wales, *and Town of* Barwick, *may be vested in the Persons under named for the Term of seven years, under the Farm Rent of an hundred Thousand Pounds* per Annum, *to Commence from the twenty fifth day of* March *next, under such Rates and Qualifications as are hereafter specified.*

The

The Names of the Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conſcience*; propoſed on Monday, *March* 2. 1662. being the day of a private Faſt, kept by Mr. *Calamy*, Mr. *Baxter*, and others, at Mr. *Beal*'s houſe, near my Lord of *Ely*'s Chappel in *Holborn*.

Mr. *Edmund Calamy*.
Mr. *Tilham* late of *Colcheſter*.
Mr. *Philip Nye*.
Mr. *Feak*.
Mr. *Stanley* of *Dorcheſter*.
George Fox, Executor of the laſt Will and Teſtament of *James Nailer* deceaſed.
Doctor *Lazarus Seaman*,
Mr. *Dell*, late of *Cambridge*.
Doctor *Owen*.
Mr. *Bryan*, late of *Coventry*.
Mr. *Matthew Mead*.
Mr. *John Coppin*.
Dr. *Manton*.
Mr. *Kiffen*.
The Executor of Mr. *Venner*, lately executed.
Mr. *Thomas Caſe*.
Mr. *Reynor*, late of *Lincoln*.
Mr. *Ralph Venning*.
Mr. *Rogers*.
Mr. *Benn*, late of *Dorcheſter*.
Mr. *George Griffith*, late of *Charterhouſe*.
The Executor of *Hugh Peters*, lately executed.
Mr. *George Newton*, late of *Taunton*.
Mr. *Dan. Dyke*, late of *Hertfordſhire*.
Mr. *William Jenkins*.
Mr. *Fiſher*, late of *Kent*.
Doctor *Thomas Goodwin*.
Mr. *Hammond*, late of *New-caſtle*.
Mr. *Peter Sterry*.
Mr. *Bridges*, late of *Yarmouth*.
Mr. *Joſeph Carryll*.
Mr. *Tombes*, late of *Lemſter*.
Mr. *Leegh*, late of *Lumbard-ſtreet*.
Mr. *Mayo*, late of *Kingſton*.
Mr. *Joſhua Sprigg*.
Mr. *Henry Jeſſey*.
Mr. *Newcomen* of *Dedham* in *Eſſex*.
Doctor *Tuckney* of *Cambridge*.
Doctor *Cornelius Burges*.
Mr. *Zachary Croſton*.
Doctor *Holmes*.
Mr. *John Cann*.
Mr. *Thomas Brooks*.

That the Perſons aforeſaid may be conſtituted *Grand Commiſſioners*, and Farmers of *Liberty* of *Conſcience*, within the Kingdom of *England*, Dominion of *Wales*, and Town of *Berwick*, and may be im-

powred to ſet up one publick Office within the City of *London*, and to nominate and elect a convenient number of Regiſters, Clerks, and other Officers: And for the more certainty of all *Certificates* to be granted as is hereafter appointed, the ſaid *Grand Commiſſioners* and *Farmers* may forme a common Seal to be known, and called by the common name of *The publick Seal of the Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers of Liberty of Conſcience*, engraven, *An Aſs without Ears, Braying*, with this Motto encircled, *Stat pro ratione Libertas:* And the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers, or any twenty four of them in the ſaid Office aſſembled, may, from time to time, compound and agree for *Liberty of Conſcience*, with any Perſon or Perſons, under ſuch Rates and Qualifications, as are hereafter ſpecified.

That the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers, or any twenty four of them, may conſtitute and appoint, under the Publick Seal of the Office, Sub Commiſſioners, and other Officers, for every County within the ſaid Kingdom, not exceeding the number of twelve for each County, whereof, ſeven to be a *Quorum*, who may compound and agree for *Liberty of Conſcience*, with any perſon or perſons, Select Congregations, Cities, Towns Corporate, Pariſhes, Hamlets, and Villages, by the great, or otherwiſe, within their reſpective Countries, not exceeding the Rates hereafter mentioned.

Rates to be obſerved in all Compoſitions for Liberty of Conſcience.

	Per Annum.
A Preſbyterian Miniſter.	5 0 0
A Ruling Elder.	4 0 0
A Deacon.	3 0 0
A Hearer, Male or Female in Fellowſhip to all Ordinances.	2 0 0

A Com-

A Common Hearer only	1 0 0
An Independant Paſtor	5
A Teaching Elder	4 0 0
A Helper in Government	3 0 0
A Deacon	3 0 0
A Hearer Male or Female in Fellowſhip to all Ordinances.	2 0 0
A common Hearer only	1 0 0
A Baptiſt admitted to the Adminiſtration of all Ordinances	5 0 0
A preaching Aſſiſtant	4 0 0
An Elder in Office	3 0 0
A Deacon	2 0 0
A Hearer in Fellowſhip Male or Female to all Ordinances	2 0 0
A common Hearer only	1 0 0
A Fifth Monarcher admitted to hold forth	5 0 0
An Elder under the ſame Adminiſtration	3 0 0
A Deacon under the ſame Adminiſtration	3 0 0
A Hearer Male or Female in Fellowſhip according to the value of his or her Eſtate 2 s. *per* l. *per annum.*	
A common Hearer male or female according to the value of his or her Eſtate, 12 d. *per* l.. *per annum.*	
A ſpeaking male Quaker	4 0 0
A ſpeaking female Quaker	3 0 0
A common Quaker male or Female	2 0 0
A Confeſſor	6 0 0
A Seminary of Maſs-Prieſt at large	5 0 0
A private Maſs-prieſt	4 0 0
A Roman Catholick in any other Order	3 0 0
A Roman Catholick not in order Male or Female	1 0 0
An Officer under any Adminiſtration not mentioned in the Rates aforeſaid, being a Native of *England*,	

ſuch

ſuch only excepted as ſtand Conformable to the Church of *England*. ——— 5 0 0

A common perſon under any Adminiſtration not mentioned in the Rates aforeſaid, being a Native of *England*, ſuch only excepted as ſtand Conformable to the Church of *England*. ——— 2 0 0

An Officer under any Adminiſtration whatſoever, not a Native of *England*, except conformable to the Church of *England*. 10 0 0

A private perſon under any Adminiſtration whatſoever, not a Native of *England*, except conformable to the Church of *England* ——— 5 0 0

Rates to be obſerved in compounding for Liberty of Conſcience *in the Particulars following*, viz.

FOR Liberty to aſſert the Pope's Supremacy 10 0 0

For Liberty to write, ſpeak, or preach againſt the Government, as they ſhall be inwardly moved 5 0 0

For Liberty to keep on their Hats before Magiſtrates, or in Courts of Judicature ——— 2 0 0

For Liberty to rail publickly againſt the Biſhops and Common-Prayer ——— 1 0 0

For Liberty to refuſe all manner of Oaths, of Allegiance and Supremacy, or in Caſes Civil or Criminal ——— 2 0 0

For Liberty to deny Tithes and other Church Duties ——— 1 0 0

For

For Liberty to expound the *Revelations*, and the Book of *Daniel* ——— 1 0 0

For liberty to disturb any Congregation after Sermon ——— 0 10 0

For Liberty to assert the Solemn League and Covenant. ——— 1 5 0

For liberty to instruct youth in the short Catechism, set forth by the Assembly of Divines. 0 10 0

That any Person or Persons gifted for any the Particulars abovesaid, may have Liberty therein, either as an *Itinerate*, in private or publick, at the Rates abovesaid.

That no person or persons be admitted to compound for *Liberty of Conscience*, untill he, or they, have first taken, and subscribed to the Solemn Protestation following, before the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, or their Sub-Commissioners respectively.

I A. B. do here solemnly protest, That I judge my self still bound by the Solemn League and Covenant, by the Engagement, by private Church-Covenant, or by any other Oath which I have taken ever since the Year 1641. And that so far as with Safety to my Person and Estate I may, I will endeavour the utter Extirpation of Episcopacy, and to the utmost of my Power, will abett and promote all Schism, Faction, and Discord, both in Church and State, according to the best form and manner, prescribed and laid open in the Sermons of many of the Grand Commissioners and Farmers, before the Parliament, appointed to be Printed, and now called the Homilies of the separated Churches. And that I will never by what Conviction of Authority soever, whether Legal or Episcopal, ever consent to the Establish'd Doctrine and Discipline of the Church of *England*.

And I do likewise believe, That Liberty of Conscience was a mysterious, yet profitable Talent committed to the Churches, and that it may be lawfully Farmed out for Advantage and Improvement.

That

That no perſon within the Kingdom of *England*, Dominion of *Wales*, or Town of *Barwick*, may, from, and after the twenty fifth day of *March* next, uſe or exerciſe any manner of *Liberty of Conſcience*, except perſons ſtanding conformable to the Church of *England*; untill ſuch Perſon or Perſons, ſhall firſt take the Solemn Proteſtation, and ſhall compound with the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers, for *Liberty of Conſcience*, nor ſhall he be admitted or permitted to be a *Speaker* or *Hearer*, in any Meeting or Aſſemblies whatſoever.

That the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conſcience*, may have Power to conſtitute, under the Publick Seal of the ſaid Office, a convenient number of *Spiritual Gagers*, who may have and exerciſe all ſuch Powers, Priviledges, and Authorities, as the *Gagers* for Exciſe of Beer and Ale, have, or ought to have and enjoy, and may, at any time, in caſe of Suſpition enter into any houſe or place, publick or private, to *Gage*, and *try the Spirits* and *Affections* of any Perſon or Perſons; and by *Praying*, *Preaching*, or other good *Exhortation*, diſſuade from *Epiſcopacy*, and the *Common Prayer*, the better to fit and prepare them to compound for *Liberty of Conſcience*.

That the ſaid Grand *Commiſſioners* and *Farmers* of *Liberty of Conſcience*, may have power to fine any perſon or perſons (not exceeding the Sum of twenty pounds for every offence, who ſhall, after Compoſition for *Liberty of Conſcience*, and ſubſcribing the *Solemn Proteſtation*, be preſent in any Church or Chappel, within the Kingdom of *England*, Dominion of *Wales*, and Town of *Barwick*, in the time of any part of Divine Service, *unleſs at the Funeral of his Father*, or ſome other like occaſion, he ſhall either reſpond, be uncovered, or carry himſelf reverently, in the Time of Divine Service aforeſaid.

That the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conſcience*, or any twenty four of them aſſembled at the Office aforeſaid, may have and exerciſe a *Juriſdiction of Appeal* in all matters relating to *Liberty of Conſcience*, within the ſaid Kingdom of *England*, and ſhall have a concluſive power in all matters brought before them, by way of Appeal as aforeſaid.

That for the better Management of all ſuch matters as ſhall be brought judicially before the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers of

of *Liberty of Conſcience*, by way of Appeal, the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers, ſhall have Power to conſtitute and appoint Mr. *Oliver St. Johns*, and ſuch others as they judge fit for their ſaid Service, to be of Standing-Councel with the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers: And the ſaid Mr. *Oliver St. Johns*, being ſo conſtituted and appointed under the publick Seal of the ſaid Office, ſhall, and may be exempted and diſcharged from being in any publick Office, or place of Truſt or Profit, for the ſaid Term of ſeven Years, any thing to the contrary notwithſtanding.

That if any perſon or perſons ſhall happen to be proceeded againſt in any of the *Eccleſiaſtical Courts* of the Biſhops of this Kingdom, for *Contumacy*, for *Non-Conformity*, for Non-payment of Tythes, and other Church-Duties, for *publick Rayling againſt the Biſhops*, *the Common-Prayer*, or the *Government of the Church of* England, or ſhall ſpeak Opprobriouſly or Scandalouſly againſt the Doctrine or Diſcipline thereof, as Antichriſtian, or ſhall maintain any Poſitions or Doctrines contrary thereunto; every ſuch perſon producing a Certificate from the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers under the publick Seal of the ſaid Office, that ſuch perſon or perſons are under Compoſition for *Liberty of Conſcience*, ſhall actually be diſcharged, and all farther Proceedings ſtayed; Any thing to the contrary notwithſtanding.

That if any perſons ſhall happen to be Indicted, or criminally proceeded againſt in any of his Majeſties Courts at *Weſtminſter*, or elſewhere within the Kingdom of *England*, either for *Treaſonable Speeches*, or *Practices*, for publick *railing* at the Government, or for *Scandalous words* againſt either or both Houſes of Parliament, or for tranſgreſſing any of the penal Laws and Statures of this Kingdom, Every ſuch perſon or perſons, producing a Certificate from the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers under the publick Seal of the ſaid Office, that ſuch perſon or perſons are under *Compoſition* for *Liberty of Conſcience*; and that ſuch words or practiſes were not ſpoken or acted *malitioſè*, but were only the natural and proper Effects and Product of *Liberty of Conſcience*, ſhall be diſcharged, and all further Proceedings ſtayed; Any thing to the contrary notwithſtanding.

That the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners, and Farmers of *Liberty of Conſcience*, may have Power from time to time, to ordain *Paſtors*, *Elders*, and *Deacons*, or any other Officers, under any Adminiſtration whatſoever, by the laying on of the Publick Seal of the Office: Which ſaid Impoſition of the ſaid Publick Seal being received with a Certificate, ſhall be as Lawful an Ordination, as if every ſuch Perſon had received Impoſition from the Hands of the *Presbytery*; any late Uſage or Cuſtom to the contrary notwithſtanding.

That the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers may have Power from time to time, to ſet apart days of Publick Faſtings, and Humiliation, and Thankſgiving; on which days it may be lawful for any Perſon or Perſons appointed, to officiate before the ſaid Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers, to ſtir up the People to a Holy Indignation againſt themſelves, for having by their want of Zeal, and Brotherly Kindneſs one towards another, loſt many *Precious Enjoyments*; and above all, the never-to-be-forgotten Loſs of the late *Power* and *Dominion*, which, with the Expence of ſo much *Blood* and *Rapine*, was put into the Hands of the Saints. And to take up for a Lamentation, and great thoughts of Heart, the Diviſions of *Reuben*, that having our Sacks full, ſuch an Evil Spirit ſhould be found in the midſt of us, as to fall out by the way; might it have been with thoſe that abode by the Stuff, as with thoſe that went out to the Battel, it had not been with us as at this day. Some ſtarting aſide, like a broken Bow, in the Year 48. others continue to bear the Burden and Heat of the Day until 60, being harneſs'd, did then turn their Backs in the day of Battel: As was moſt ſweetly handled at the Faſt kept Yeſterday, at Mr. *Beale*'s, by Mr. *Calamy*, Mr. *Baxter*, and others.

That the Twentieth day of *April* next, commonly called *Eaſter Monday*, be kept as a day of Solem Faſting and Humiliation, for a Bleſſing upon theſe *Goſpel----Undertakings*; and that Mr. *Edmond Calamy*, Mr. *Peter Sterry*, Doctor *Lazarus Seamon*, and Mr. *Feake*, be deſired to carry on the Work of the Day in Prayer and Preaching, before the ſaid Grand Farmers; and that the particulars following, be recommended to their Conſideration in the Work of the Day.

1. To

1. To Bewail,
   1. *All our Court Sins,*
   2. *Our Biſhops Sins.*
   3. *Our Monks Sins.*
   4. *Our Common Prayer Sins.*

2. To Divert
   1. *Weſtminſter Hall Judgments.*
   2. *Our Old-Baily Judgments.*
   3. *Our Tower-Hill Judgments.*
   4. *Our Charing-Croſs Judgments.*
   5. *Our Tyburn Judgments.*

Laſtly, For Deliverance from the Hand of *Dun*, that uncircumciſed Philiſtine.

That the ſaid Grand Comiſſioners, and Farmers of *Liberty of Conſcience*, may have Power to build Churches and Chappels in any place, or places, except upon ſuch Ground where Churches or Chappels do already ſtand, in regard of the Inconvenience of ſetting up *Altar againſt Altar:* And foraſmuch as the Cuſtom of reading ſome part of the Holy Bible before Sermon, comonly called Firſt and Second Leſſons, hath been found fruitleſs, That therefore the ſaid *Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers*, may have power to appoint inſtead thereof, the *Annual* reading of thoſe *Sermons* preached by many of the ſaid *Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers*, before the *Parliament*, upon ſpecial Occaſions of Thankſgiving and Humiliation, from the Year 1641. to the Year 1648, Which ſaid *Sermons*, may be called the *Homilies* of the Separating Churches.

That the ſaid *Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers* may have Power to require Mr. *Gilbert Millington*, and Mr. *Luke Robinſon*, the lame Evangeliſt, to deliver up all ſuch Articles, Orders, Books, Papers, and other Writings, as were tranſacted before the late Committee for Plundered Miniſters; and likewiſe, all ſuch as were paſſed and tranſacted before Mr. *Philip Ney*, and ſome others of the now *Grand Commiſſioners and Farmers*, and heretofore called *Commiſſioners, or Spiritual Tryers*, to the end the ſaid Articles, Orders, Books, and other Papers, may be Printed and Publiſhed, and may be kept at the ſaid Office upon Record for ever, and appointed to be the Book of *Canons* of the Seperated Churches.

All this being done, we may upon *Scripture Grounds* expect, that the Door of Hope may yet be open to Us, and our Children after us, to ſee the Travel of our Souls, and to ſet us into the

Promiſed Land, and to reap ſome of thoſe Cluſters of the Grapes of *Canaan*, which with ſo much Labor and Toyl of Body, and Mind were planted, eſpecially in the Years of 1641, 42, 43, 44, 45. by many of Us, and other *Precious* Saints and Miniſters of the Goſpel, who are ſince fallen aſleep, and have, we hope, reaped the Fruits of thoſe Labors, the Lord having in that day put a mighty Spirit into Us, and ſet us as Watchmen upon the Towers of *Iſrael*, to cry mightily *Curſe ye Meroz, curſe ye bitterly.* Grant that thoſe *Heart-breaking Labors* of Ours, thoſe *King-deſtroying Labors*, thoſe *Kingdom-ruining* Labors, thoſe *Goſpel-ſcandalizing Labors*, thoſe *Church-ſubverting Labors*, thoſe *Soul-confounding Labors* of Ours may never be forgotten, but may be written as with the point of a Diamond, upon the Heart of the *King*, upon the Hearts of the *Biſhops*, upon the Heart of the *Parliament*, and upon the Hearts of all the People from *Dan* to *Beerſheba*, that ſo in God's good time, we may receive our Reward Seven-fold into our own Boſoms, and that the Generations to come, may hear and fear, and do no more ſo wickedly.

So prays

S. Butler.

The Round-Heads *Reſolution.*

Whereas we are, through our great *Ignorance* and *Obſtinacy* grown to a moſt *Seditious* and *Malignant head*, and the Horns of that Head (though of a main length) not able to ſupport our *Arrogant Faction*, as appears by our laſt being ſoundly ſlaſh'd and baſtinado'd, by a mad Crew called the *Cavaliers*; and whereas a great part of *Us* have ſhut up our Shops, becauſe we could no longer keep them open, which kind of ſhutting up, proceedeth commonly from our vaſt Expence in *White-broths*, *Cuſtards*, and other *Luxurious Diſhes*, provided for the Edification one of another. And whereas the Multitude, called *True Proteſtants*, endeavor to hold up Biſhops, to maintain good Order, Diſcipline, and Orthodox Preaching in the *Church*; *Learning* and *Arts* in the *Univerſities*, and Peace in the *Common-*

wealth

wealth; all which is nothing but *Idolatry*, *Superſtition*, *Profaneneſs*, and *plain Popery*: And further, whereas we (who are nothing properly but *Round-heads* and *Fanaticks*) are in moſt ſcandalous manner termed *Holy Brethren*, the *Zealots* of the *Land*, and which in ſincerity we never were, or ever will be.

And foraſmuch likewiſe as the prophane World of *True Proteſtants*, are a ſtiff-necked Generation, and will not yield unto *Us* the Preheminence of *Doctrine* and *Religion*, notwithſtanding the many Senceleſs two hours of thoſe *Spiritual Trumpets* of *Our* Faction, the Sanctified *Clergy-Lecturers*, or of *Our* more Divine Lectures of our Supreme *Shee-Lecturers*, whoſe Bowels do even earne for the getting *in* of the Saints unto *Us*, and have, as it were even a zealous luſting after *Us*.

And foraſmuch as the *Religion* profeſſed by *Us*, in the pureſt and moſt decent, as appears by the great Love and Community betwixt the *Brethren* and the *Siſters*, the Conveniency of the *Woods*, *Saw-pits*, and *Dark Places*, the putting out *Lights*, and defying thoſe *Tapers of Iniquity*, which cauſe us to behold our own *Wicked Deeds*, the gooly Bigneſs of the *Ear*, with the ſhortneſs of the *Hair*, which hindereth not the Sound of the Shepheards Voice, but eaſily heareth him call to a great Feaſt, amongſt the Rich Saints, the length and ſharpneſs of the *Noſe*, which not only ſmelleth the ſweet Savors of the Holy *Plum-broth*, but alſo promiſeth an eager Appetite to ſome good Work towards the *Younger Siſters*, the roundneſs of the *Band*, the length of the Dublet, and the ſhortneſs of the *Breeches*, being a habit correſpondent to the *Pictures* of the Apoſtles in the *Geneva Print*, the mightineſs of our *Faith*, which is able to remove a Church into a Wood, the Tranſparency of our *Charity*, that is ſo inviſible, that neither the right hand, nor the left ever knew it, the Multitude of our *Good Works*, which no man living can number, the Godly Works of our tautological Prayers, and the Zeal thereof, which brings us even to Divine Conſumption; whereby we look like the Prodigal Son at his return home, or the Prieſts in the Arras, the defying of all Fathers, Biſhops, and Doctors, Conformable Perſons, Canonical Robes, Eccleſiaſtical Geſtures, and Utenſils, all Learning, liberal Arts and Degrees, as the raggs of Superſtition, the dregs of Popery are abominable in the goggle eyes of a right *Round-head*; and yet this *ſimple Innocent* Profeſſion is ſcorned and

baffled

baffled, and by whom? But by *Scholars*, and such as profess Learning, which is no more necessary to Religion, than a Publick Church (which verily) is but a Den of Thieves when we are absent.

All which Grievances do stand with much reason, and therefore are utterly against our *tender Consciences*, and never were allowed by any Synod of *More-fields* or *Westminster*.

That therefore which we do now resolve to maintain, and desire have confirmed, and never to alter'd (till some new toy tickle us in the *Perierastium*, which will be very shortly) is,

1. That our Religion, Tenants, and Mannors, before-mentioned, be established and maintained against all *Reason*, *Learning*, *Divinity*, *Order*, *Discipline*, *Morality*, *Piety*, or *Humanity* whatsoever.

2. That the very Name of *Bishops*, shall be a sufficient *Jury* and *Judge*, to condemn any of them, without any further Evidence or Circumstance.

3. That if any man whatsoever, having knowledge in the *Latine Tongue* (being a Popish Language) shall presume to think he can save a Soul by Preaching, he be *excommunicated* both in this World, and in the World to come; unless it be some certain *Lecturers*, of whose approved *Rayling* and *Ignorance*, we are well assured, and have known to stand *six hours* on a Fasting Day.

4. That the *Felt-maker* and the *Cobler*, two innocent *Cuckolds* may be instituted *Primates* and *Metropolitans* of the two *Arch-Provinces*, and the rest of the *Sect* preserved, according to their Imbecillities of Spirit, to such *Bishopricks* and other Livings, as will competently serve to procure fat Poultry, for the filling of their insatiate Stomachs, in which regard, Church-Livings had more need to be increased, than diminished.

5. That no man whatsoever, who bears the name of *Cavalier*, may be capable of making any of the Brethren a *Cuckold*, unless he cut his Hair, and alter his Profession; but be excluded from the *Conventicles*, as the King's Friend, and a Reprobate.

6. Lastly, That there be two whole days set apart to Fast and Pray for the Confusion of all that are not thus resolved.

A Caveat *to the* Round-Heads.

I *Come to charge yee*
That ſlight the Clergy,
And pull the Miter from the Prelat's Head,
That you will be wary,
Leaſt you miſcarry
In all theſe factious humors you have bred;
But as for Browniſts *we'll have none,*
But take them all, and hang them one by one.

Your wicked Actions,
Joyn'd in Factions,
Are all but aims to rob the King of his due.
Then give this reaſon
For your Treaſon,
That you'll be rul'd, if he'll be rul'd by you;
Then leave theſe factions, zealous Brother,
Leaſt you be hanged one againſt another.

Your Wit abounded,
Gentle Round-head,
When you abus'd the Biſhops in a Ditty,
When as you ſanged,
You muſt be hanged,
A Timpinee of Malice made you witty,
And though your hot zeal made you bold,
When you are hang'd, your Arſe will be a cold.

Then leave confounding,
And expounding
The Doctrine that you preach in Tubbs,
You raiſe this Warring,
And private Jarring,
I doubt, in time, will prove the Knave of Clubbs.
It's for your Lying, and not for your Oaths,
You ſhall be hang'd, and Ketch *ſhall have your* Cloaths.

FINIS.